

SOCIETY CHRONICLES

JULIA MURDOCK'S THEATER GOSSIP

SANDMAN STORIES

French Ambassador Will Reopen Home in Capital



MME. JUSSERAND.

Lieut. Alexander W. Maish, U. S. A., has returned from a trip abroad, and is visiting relatives on Thirty-first street.

Mrs. Harry Taylor, wife of Lieutenant Colonel Taylor, U. S. A., has returned to her home in Q street, from New London, Conn.

Lieut. Col. Robert Craig, U. S. A., retired, and Mrs. Craig, have returned to their residence in I street, from their summer home at Nantucket.

Miss Marie Stevens, daughter of Major Pierre C. Stevens, U. S. A., and Mrs. Stevens, has joined her parents at their place at Chevy Chase after a series of visits at New London, Conn., Jamestown, R. I., Bar Harbor, Me., and the North Shore.

Mrs. Samuel Sloan Auchincloss and her daughters, Miss Marie Duryee and Miss Agnes Duryee, have taken a house in Short Hills, N. J., for the winter.

Medical Director John C. Wise, U. S. N., and Mrs. Wise, who have spent the summer at their country place near Warrenton, Va., will return to their apartment in the Portland next month.

The Lord Bishop of Winchester and the Hon. Mrs. Talbot were the guests in honor of whom Henry White, the former American Ambassador to France, and Mrs. White entertained at dinner last night. Among the additional guests were the Bishop of Washington, the Rt. Rev. Alfred Harding, Miss Douglas, and Miss Talbot.

After the dinner a reception was given by Bishop Harding at his residence, on Massachusetts avenue, in compliment to the distinguished visitors.

Palms, autumn foliage, and clusters of pink roses and chrysanthemums adorned the house.

Assisting Bishop Harding in receiving were his sister-in-law, Miss Douglas, and Mrs. McGowan, wife of Rear Admiral John McGowan, U. S. N., retired. The former Ambassador and Mrs. White have just returned from Europe, and this was their first entertainment of the season.

Mrs. and Mrs. Melville E. Ingalls, who are building a handsome home on Massachusetts avenue near Dupont Circle, have taken the house at 1901 R street until their own is completed. Last year they occupied the George Howard House on Sixteenth street, in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Howard in Europe.

Mrs. and Mrs. Walter Bruce Howe, the latter formerly Miss Mary Carlisle, have returned to town and are occupying the residence of the latter's mother, Mrs. Caldera Carlisle, on I street.

Mrs. Frederick Dent Grant, who has recently purchased a house on New Hampshire avenue for her future residence, has arrived in Washington from New York.

Mrs. Stephen B. Elkins and Miss Katherine Elkins, who are due to arrive in New York shortly on the America, are expected at the Hotel Ritz.

Personal Mention

Mr. and Mrs. Lloyd E. Weaver have cards out announcing the marriage of their daughter, Miss Elsie Belle Weaver, to Clifford Ellsworth Kettler. The ceremony took place Wednesday, October 9, the Rev. A. H. Thompson officiating.

Miss Bernetta Miller is the guest of Mrs. K. J. Boeckh, of the Lenox.

Mr. and Mrs. William Nelson announced the marriage of their daughter, Miss Elva M. Nelson, to Daniel A. Doyle. The ceremony took place Wednesday afternoon, October 9, at 2:30 o'clock at St. Dominic's Catholic Church, the Rev. J. A. Cowan officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Marinelli, of Chesapeake Beach, Md., announce the marriage of their daughter, Miss Viola M. Marinelli, to Vincent Hughes, Saturday October 5, at the Cathedral, Baltimore, Md., the Rev. P. Di Paolo officiating.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Henry Wurdman announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Edythe Wurdman, to A. Herbert Ruhl, of Baltimore. The marriage will take place in November.

Julia Murdock Hears Miss Shannon Tell How She Runs a Melon Farm



MISS WINONA SHANNON.

From fainting in a witness box eight times a week to managing a melon farm seems a long jump, but this is exactly what Miss Winona Shannon, the "butterfly wife" of "A Butterfly on the Wheel," which is coming to the Belasco Theater next week, does. In the winter, while on the road, she is the central figure in the intensely absorbing court-room scene, which has been said to be even more dramatic and wonderful than the similar scene in "Madame X." In the summer time she is a farmwife, and her specialty is melons.

Probably if you have breakfasted at some big New York hotel you have had brought to you, resting upon a bed of cracked ice, a golden, juicy half of cantaloupe that grew upon Miss Shannon's Long Island farm, for she has contracts with several Gotham hotels to furnish them with cantaloupes throughout the season, and, while the pecuniary returns are not as large as those that are to be found in the theatrical profession, Miss Shannon says that her cantaloupe farm pays in the rest, recreation, and excellent health it brings her.

Miss Shannon Glad She is a Farmer.

"I am a farmer, and I don't care who knows it," she declares. In fact, she is rather proud that she can do something besides wring tears from her audiences by impersonating the heroine of the "Butterfly." "I love my farm, too," she continues, "for there I can be myself and as free as a bird, so to speak, and exempt from all the temptations as well as the temptations that tempt Peggy, the heroine of the 'Butterfly'."

Miss Shannon is not a "lady" farmer by any means. When she leaves the theater at the end of a season and takes up farm life, she does so in earnest, not in a dilettante fashion. She wears the oldest and most respectable shirtwaists she possesses, the most awful skirts, and the broadest of broad-brimmed hats.

She hides her petite, pretty, and engaging face beneath this frightful piece of headgear and marches about her fields in stout heavy boots, giving orders constantly and quite frequently assisting in harvesting the melons herself. She rises with the birds and goes to sleep with the chickens. Once in a while she permits herself the dissipation of motoring over to New York and to have dinner at a Broadway cafe.

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with a trip to some theater afterward, but "there is no life like the farm," she enthusiastically declares.

Miss Shannon is a sister of Effie Shannon. Prior to her season in "The Butterfly," she played Kiti in "Seven Days," and Mary in "A Servant in the House." These two characters are widely different from the present one, which offers unusual emotional opportunities. Despite the mental and physical fatigue incurred in the third act, wherein the "Butterfly" faints as a result of a merciless grilling by her husband's lawyers, after a violent hysterical scene, Miss Shannon declares that she loves the part. If she didn't, she says that no amount of salary would induce her to play it.

Seen in the Shops

In the 3300 block in M street there is a branch of a series of stores where one is able to purchase Concord grapes at 3 cents a basket. These are just at the proper stage of ripeness for making jam, and jelly, and from personal experience, I know that if they are made in the proper proportions they always "turn out." Some of these grapes are very ripe, and it is those that are used for making the best grape butter.

There is a constant demand for real olive oil, but it is as hard to get as anything I know. One is just as apt to pay a great deal, and then be dissatisfied with the oil, as one is to buy it in the bulk, pay less, and get a better quality. Sometimes, however, if one has tried a brand several times and found it is adequate, one is apt to think that it is real olive oil. A drug store at fifteenth and F streets, sells oil at 25 cents a pint, or 50 cents a quart. It is said to be the best grade imported into this country from France, and is excellent for both external and internal use.

Parents have a habit of thinking that it is always the boys, from an economical standpoint, who need heavy boots and shoes. As a matter of fact from the standpoint of health, it is much more important that girls be well shod, and it is too often the case that they are sent out in thin shoes poorly protected by rubbers. A shoe store at the corner of Seventh and K streets has a heavy storm boot for girls which is warm and sensible without being too heavy, made of gun-metal calf and patent cloth. The price of these shoes today is \$1.95, being the regular \$2.50 and 25 styles.

Newest models of women's stylish tailored suits, valued at \$15.75 and over, are being sold at the Market Space department store for \$10. There are many of these suits in both plain and tailored models, made of the best of chevilles, serges, diagonals, and mixtures. In the colors black, navy, brown, etc. On account of the low price there will be no alterations made, and if you really wish to get one, the cost of alterations and a possible change to make the suit individual should be considered.

There is a certain brand of so-called hole-proof stockings sold by this same Market Space store, which is really what it claims to be. For ordinary wear, these stockings are good enough, and in one style are only 25 cents. The pair. They are to be had in black or tan, and are guaranteed for months. They are not heavy or thick looking.

Order of the Bath Celebrates Birthday

The Order of the Bath was founded by Henry IV. of France on this day in 1599, and it is still one of the most aristocratic of honors. Frontenac succeeded Denonville as governor of Canada on October 11, 1698, and the Provincial Congress met at Concord, Mass., on this day in 1774. The British fleet under Admiral Boscawen defeated the Dutch fleet in battle of Camperdown on October 11, 1797.

The Confederate steamer Theodore escaped from Charleston, S. C., with Mason and Sidel on board, on this day in 1861, and just thirty years later the funeral of Charles Stewart Farnell was held in Dublin.



MISS LOLA DOWNIN.

"Flirt with your husband if you want to keep him, once you have captured him," is the advice of Miss Lola Downin, of the "The Gambler's" company, which is to appear in the Academy Theater next week.

Although Miss Downin is very young, beautiful, and unmarried, she has some very original ideas concerning the successful management of husbands.

"Every man wants a wife who is never too overburdened to look her own flock straight, and wear a clean collar, and laugh and flirt with him a little bit."

"The average husband and wife settle down into a dull, colorless routine after they have been married a few years. Frankly speaking, they lose interest in each other. A clever wife can forestall this catastrophe by cleverly and judiciously flirting with her husband."

"By this I do not mean that she shall revive the kittenish airs of 'Sweet Sixteen,' for an attempt of that kind might prove disastrous. But flatter him occasionally. Tell him what a good husband he is. Show him plainly that you cherish a sound and profound affection for him. Make it even stronger than in your courtship days. To love is so much better than to be in love—the former is a full grown tree; the latter a little sapling planted in the earth."

"A man should flirt with his wife, too," asserts this wise little individual, who seems to have cornered all the information possible regarding the matrimonial question. "There are many ways of doing this. For instance, he might take his wife a box of chocolates or a bunch of flowers, and thus do more good toward restoring happiness than by hours of conversation."

JULIA MURDOCK.

Church Body Meets.

OBERLIN, Ohio, Oct. 11.—With "Social Service and Personal Evangelism," as its central theme, the Congressional Brotherhood of America began its fifth annual convention here today. The sessions will last three days and will be participated in by many prominent ministers and lay members of the denomination from all over the country. Scheduled among the speakers are Dr. Washington Gladden, of Columbus, President Henry Churchill King, of Oberlin College; Prof. Graham Taylor, of Chicago; Raymond Robins, the social economist, and Owen Lovejoy, of New York.

For The Times' Children Just Before It's Bedtime

BILLY PIG AND THE ALARM CLOCK

BILLY PIG's mother had a hard time getting him out of bed in the morning, for, as you well know, Billy Pig slept at any time he had a chance. So mother pig bought an alarm clock and set the alarm for the hour she wanted Billy Pig to get up.

But she did not explain to Billy Pig what would happen, she only told him that when it was time to get up the clock would tell him.

"I never heard of a clock that could talk," said Billy Pig; "and I guess she cannot fool me. I am too smart for that."

So he went to bed to dream of the nice breakfast he was to have of cakes and syrup. The next morning when the sun had been up some time Billy Pig was still sleeping soundly, when suddenly he was awakened by hearing a dreadful "bis-s-s-bus-s-s-bang bang."

Without stopping to dress he ran in his pajamas down stairs and out into the yard without stopping.

His mother followed him to the door. "What is the matter with you?" she asked, "what are you doing out there in your night clothes?"

Billy Pig stood trembling as he answered, "There is a terrible animal in my room," he said, "and it growled and would have eaten me, I am sure, if I had stayed. I shouldn't wonder if Black Wolf had come down from the mountains to carry us off. You better come with me, mother, and get out of the way."

"I didn't see Black Wolf," replied his mother, "and he would have had to pass me to get to your room. Come in here this minute, and we will see what it is." Billy Pig followed his mother upstairs, but he was some distance behind her, until he was satisfied that Black Wolf was not in his room, then he went in.

"It was the clock you heard," said the mother. "It went off at a clock, and it is only a little past the hour. I told you it would tell you when it was time to get up," she said, laughing at Billy for being afraid of a clock.

"Show me how you made it talk," said Billy Pig, thinking of something which he did not tell to his mother.

Billy Pig dressed and ate his breakfast in silence, but every little while he would smile, and once he had to cover his face, he was laughing so.

"I want you to finish weeding the garden this morning," said his mother, "and don't you dare go asleep the way you did before, or you will go to bed without your supper."

Billy Pig promised he would work faithfully, but first he went upstairs, and when he came down he carried something under his jacket, but his mother was busy washing dishes and did not notice him.

When he reached there he took the alarm clock from under his jacket and put it behind a tree.

Billy worked with a will and cleared his garden of the weeds. Then he ran across the orchard and looked through the stone wall.

He could see Billy Goat in the middle of the next lot. "He will be going to the barn soon," said Billy Pig to himself, and then he laughed.

Billy Pig ran back to the garden and put the clock under his coat, then he put some nice big turnips in a basket and went back to the wall where he could see Billy Goat.

He sat down and watched, and pretty soon Billy Goat started off across the field to the barn. Then Billy Pig jumped over the wall and crawled along on the ground. When he reached the middle of the field he stopped and put the alarm clock on the ground and covered it with grass and stones. On top of this he put the turnips.



"There," he said, as he put the last turnip on the heap, "if Billy Goat comes back in half an hour he will get the fright of his life, and I will be even with him for taking my meal out of the bag and filling it with leaves and sticks." And then he laughed.

Billy Pig had only just climbed over the wall when Billy Goat came back to the field and walked slowly toward the heap of turnips. He did not see them at first and stopped a short distance from them.

After a while he walked nearer and soon he espied the vegetables of which he was so fond.

He ran to them and began eating. He had begun on the last turnip when, "bus-s-s-bus-s-s-bus-s-s-bang bang!" went the clock.

Billy Goat dropped the turnip he was eating, and jumped. The clock was still making a noise, and Billy Goat ran as fast as he could and stood at some distance looking at the spot where the noise came from.

Billy Pig, of course, had been watching, and he laughed and rolled over on the grass, he was so pleased; but when he had waited a minute, he jumped up and looked through the wall, and he stopped laughing.

Billy Goat was walking slowly toward the heap of stones and grass. When he reached it he stopped and looked at it for a minute. Then he put his head down and butted it. He jumped back and as nothing happened, he lowered his head again and butted the heap once more. This time when he jumped back he saw something white, and he ran at it with lowered head, butting it all around the field until the clock was broken and the ticking and buzzing stopped.

All this time poor Billy Pig watched with frightened eyes from behind the wall, and when at last Billy Goat left the spot Billy Pig walked toward home crying instead of laughing.

That night Billy Goat happened to be passing Billy Pig's house and he stopped to listen, for he heard a sound of weeping.

"I guess that will teach you to play jokes with good clocks," said Billy Pig's mother. "If you want to play jokes on Billy Goat you take something besides my new alarm clock next time."

"Oh, oh!" said Billy Goat. "So I have you to thank, Mr. Billy Pig, have I, for the fright I got today. Well, I think the laugh is on you instead of on me, but for all that I will remember it, and I rather think I can think of something that will pay you back."

Tomorrow's story: "The Tin Sword."

Jane Addams To Debate For Progressive Cause

NEW YORK, Oct. 11.—Miss Jane Addams, of Hull House, Chicago, will uphold the Progressive cause in a three-cornered political debate to be held in Carnegie Hall tomorrow night under the auspices of the Civic Forum. The opponents of Miss Addams will be former Congressman William S. Bonnet, representing the Republican party, and Rabbi Stephen S. Wise, who will speak for the Democratic party.

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